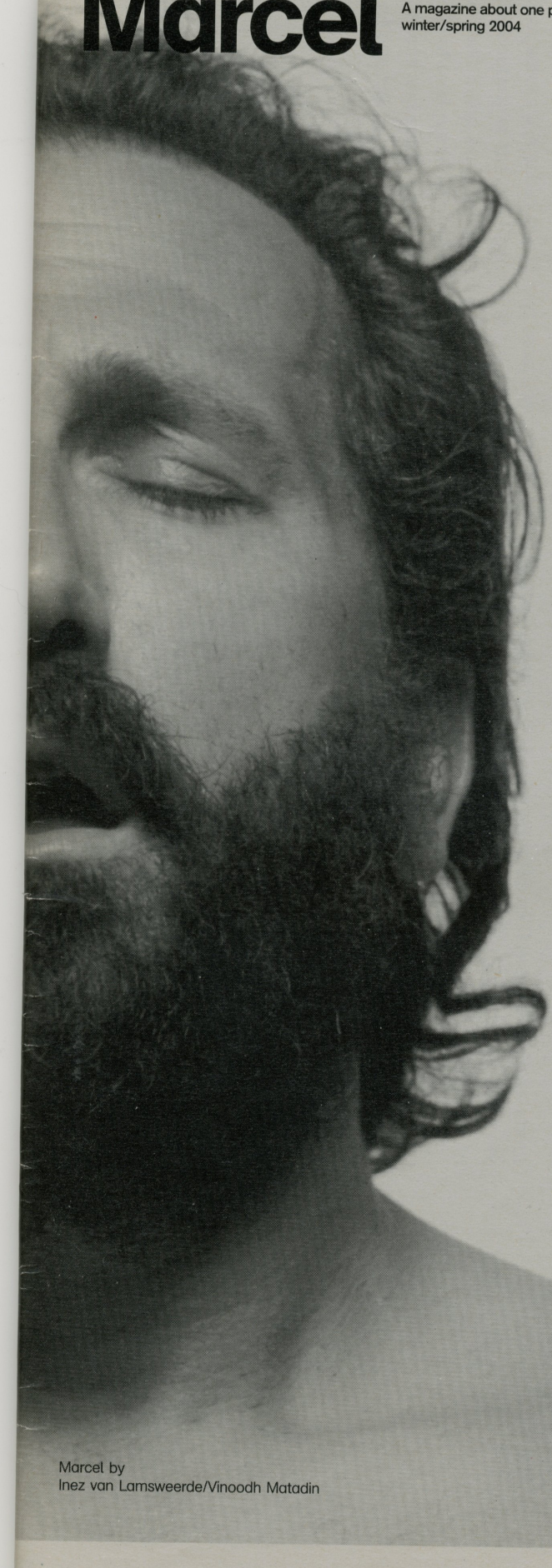
Re-Magazine 11
Marcel

A magazine about one person
winter/spring 2004

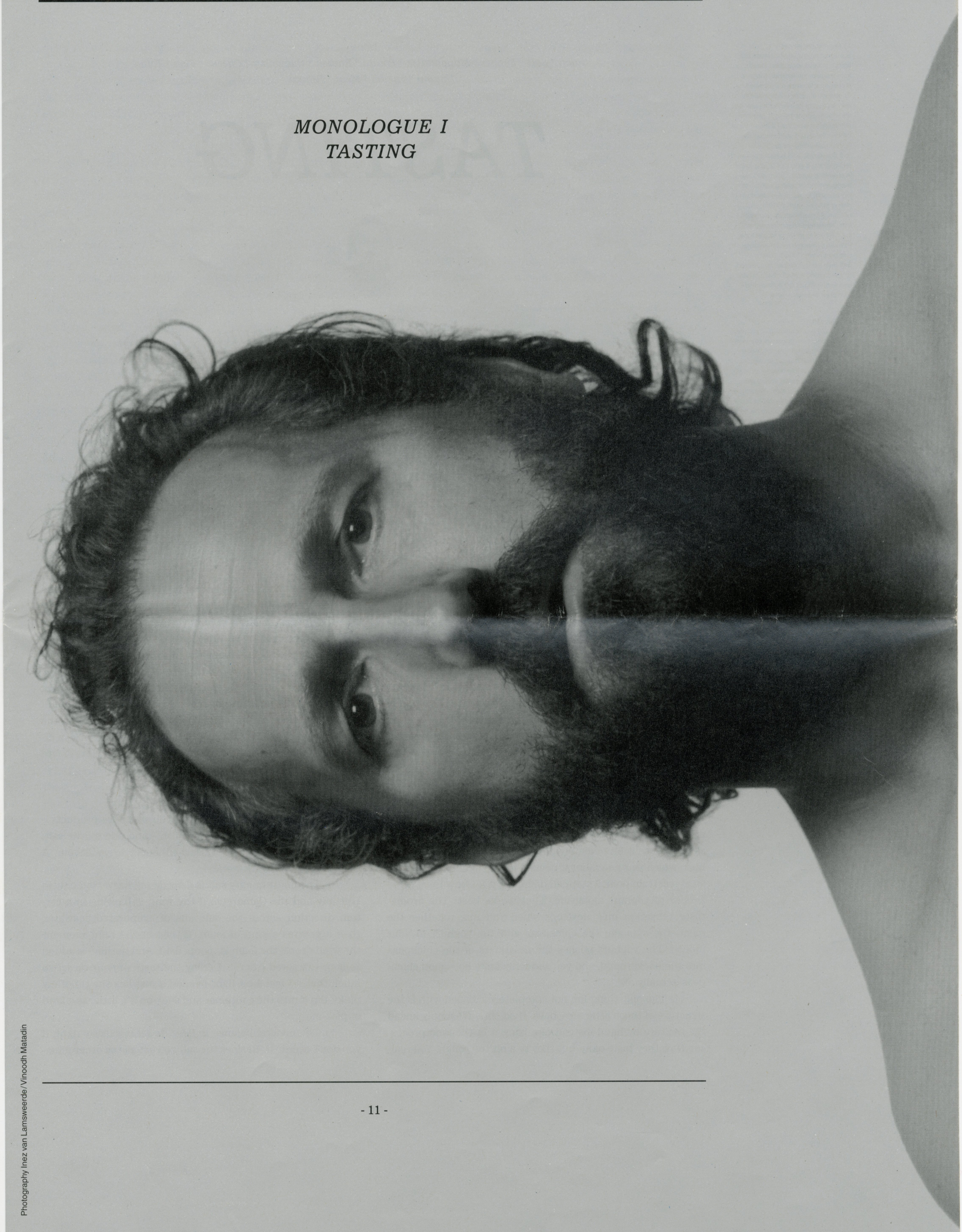


Marcel by
Inez van Lamsweerde/Vinoodh Matadin

MARCEL

by Inez van Lamsweerde/Vinoodh Matadin

MONOLOGUE I
TASTING

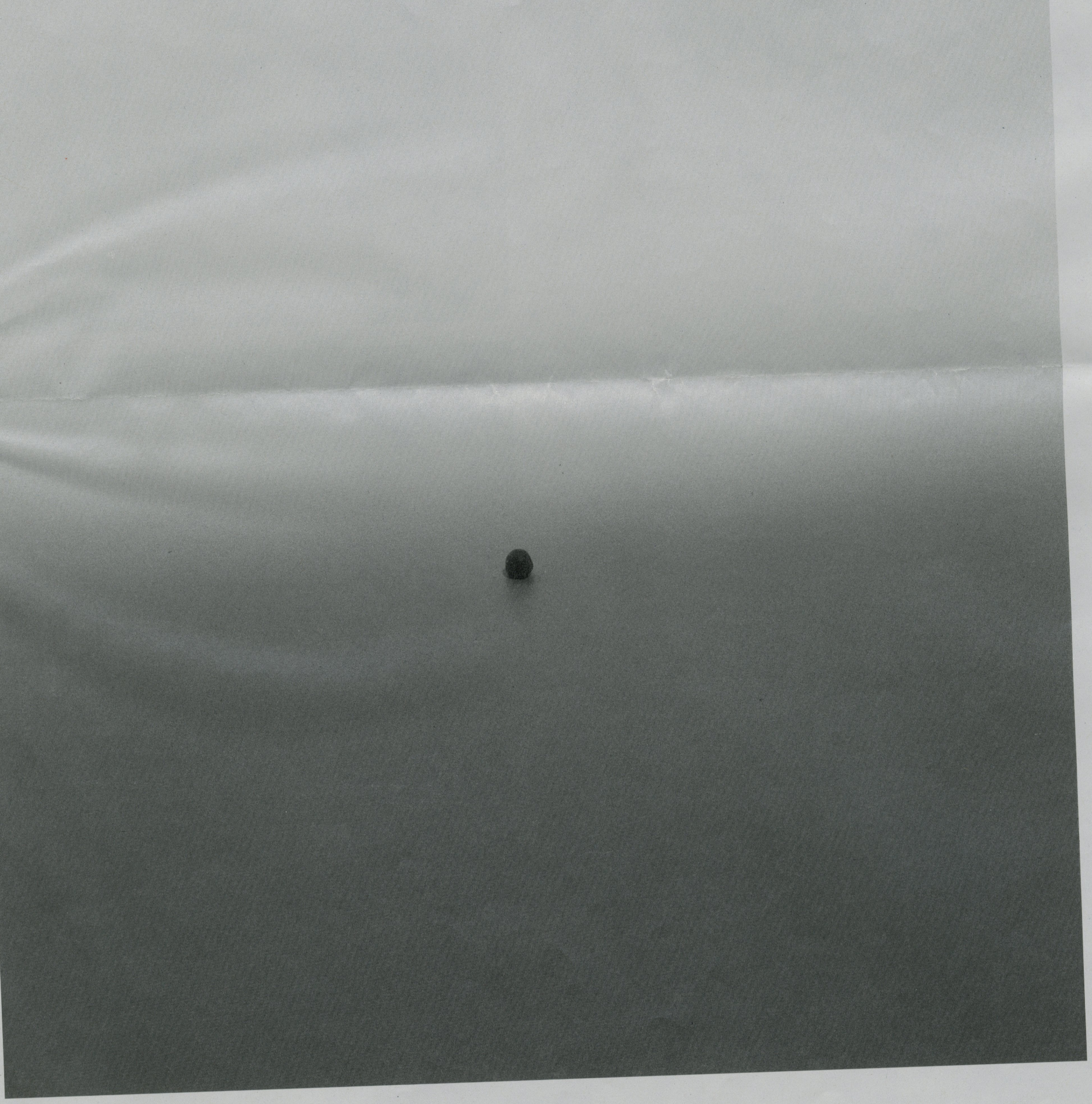


Photography Inez van Lamsweerde/Vinoodh Matadin

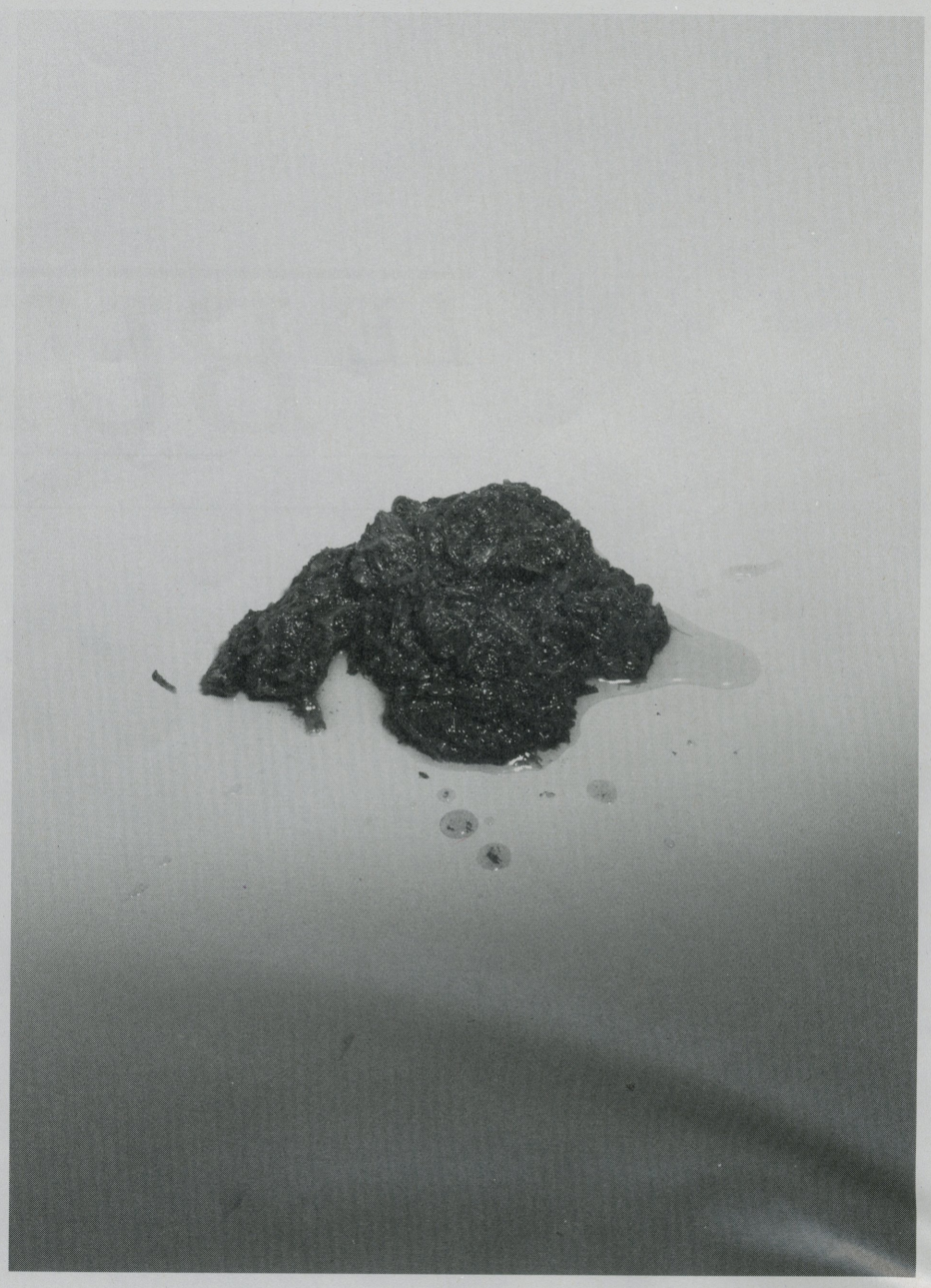
• le fromage de soja

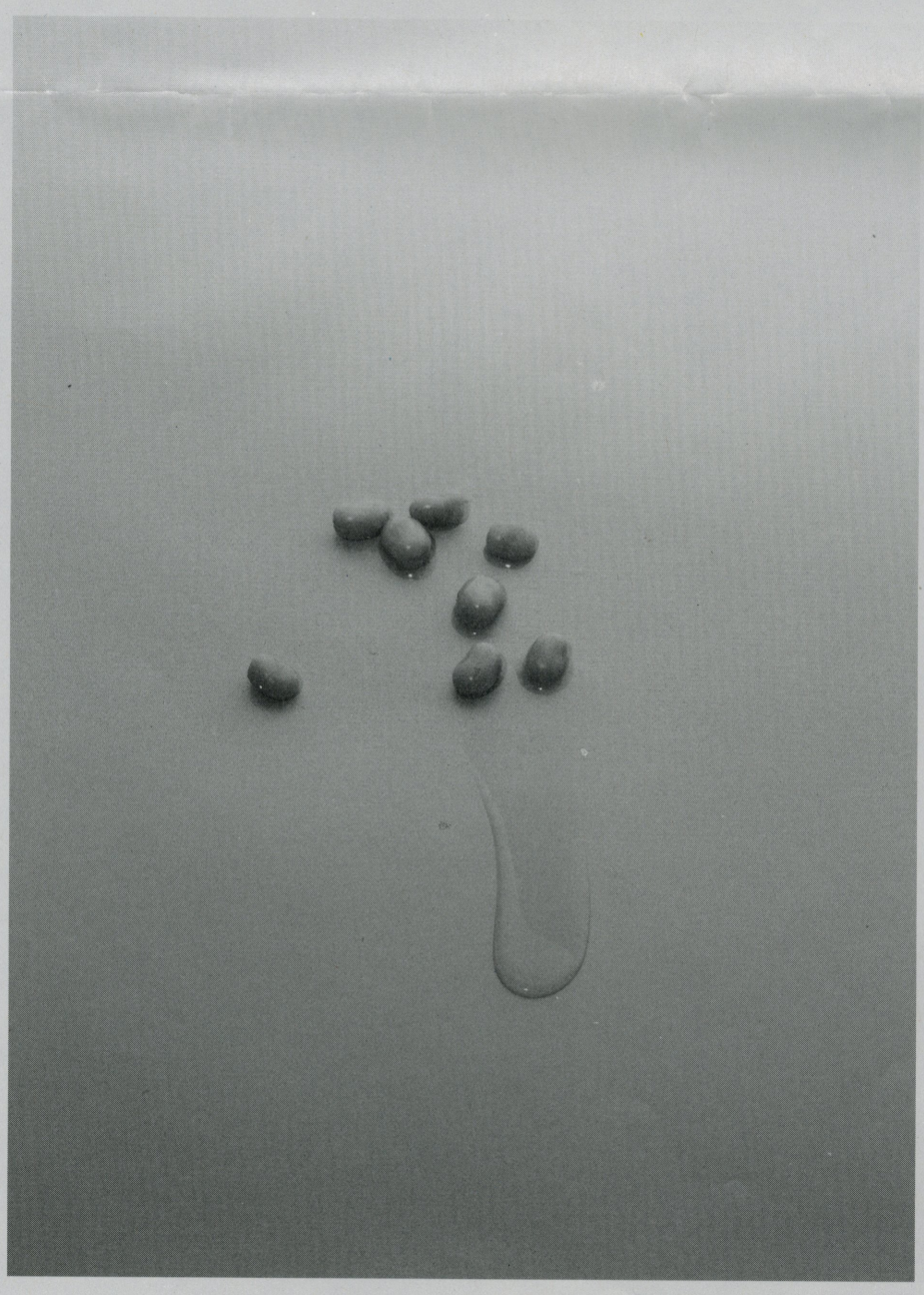
LE BUFFET

– Photography Viviane Sassen –



• le petit pois





• l'aubergine • les épinards • les pois gris • la datte

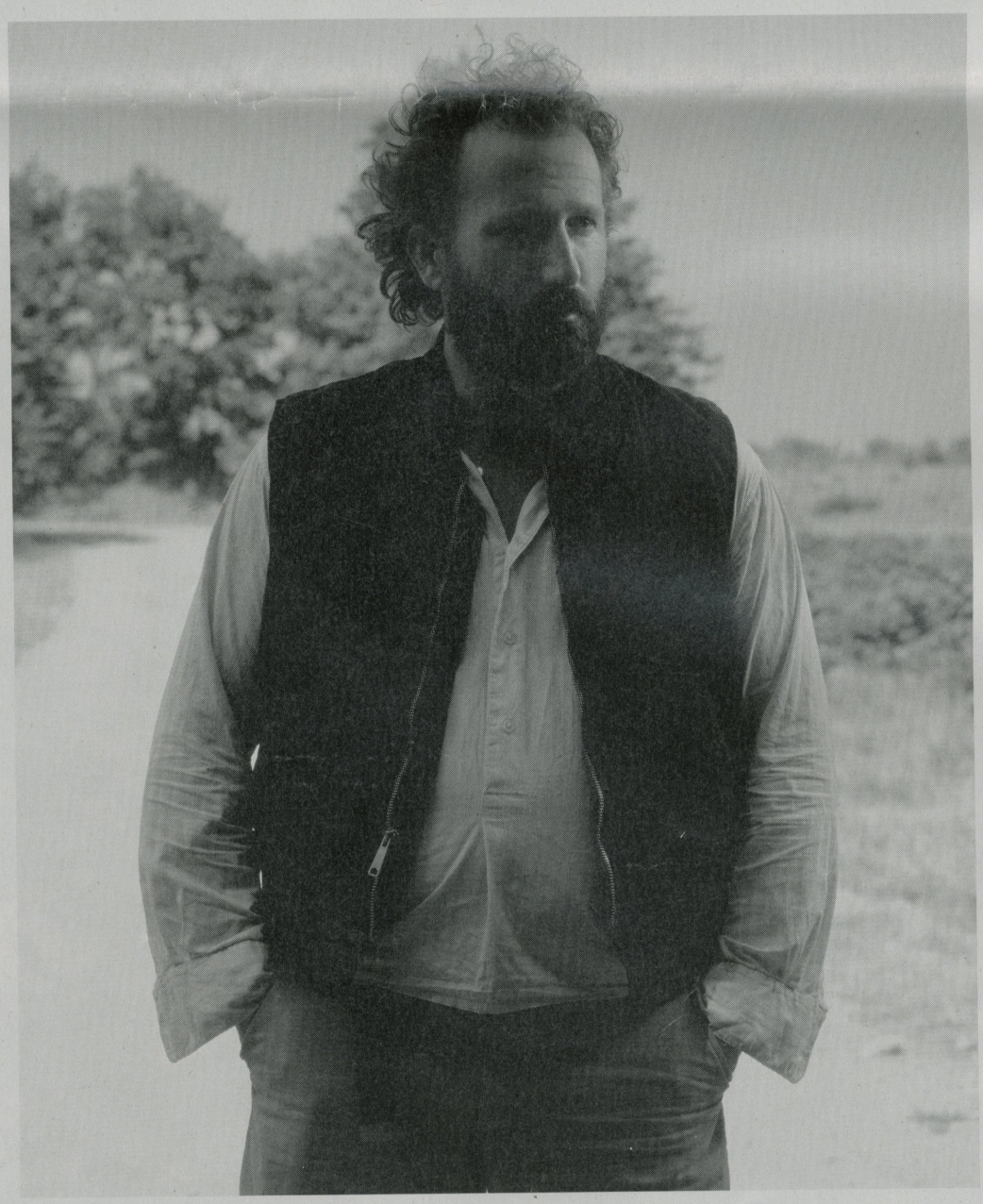
• les nouilles chinoises

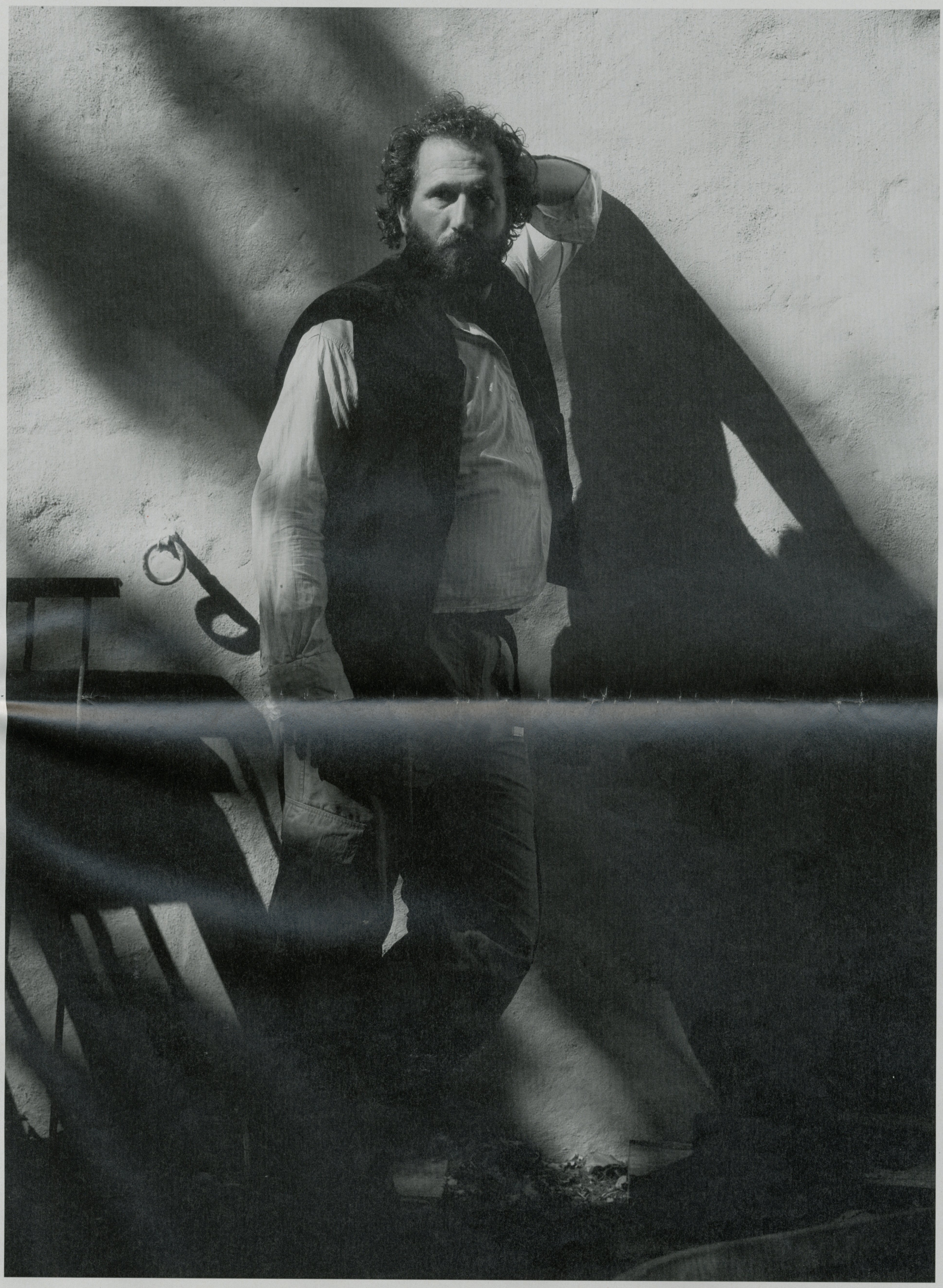
Photography Inez van Lamsweerde / Vinoodh Matadin

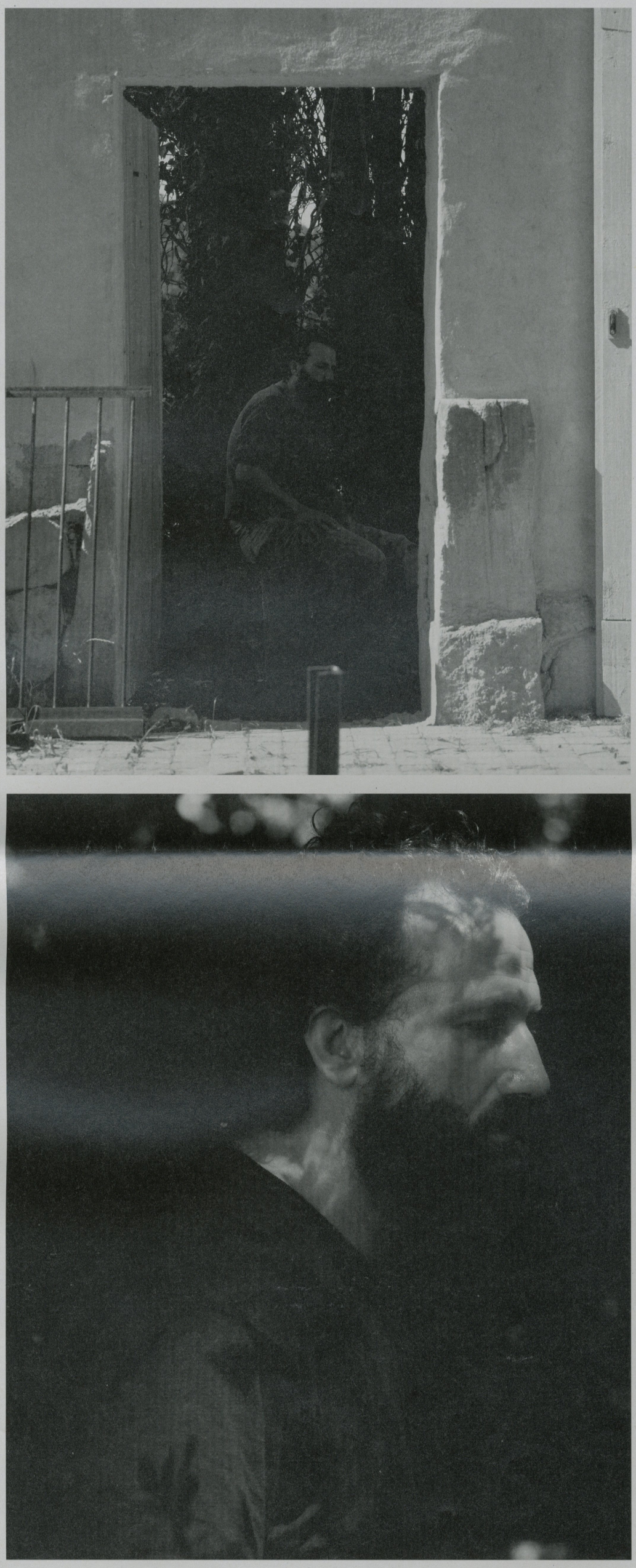
MONOLOGUE II
EATING

PROVENCE

Photography Anuschka Blommers/Niels Schumm
Styling Jop van Bennekom



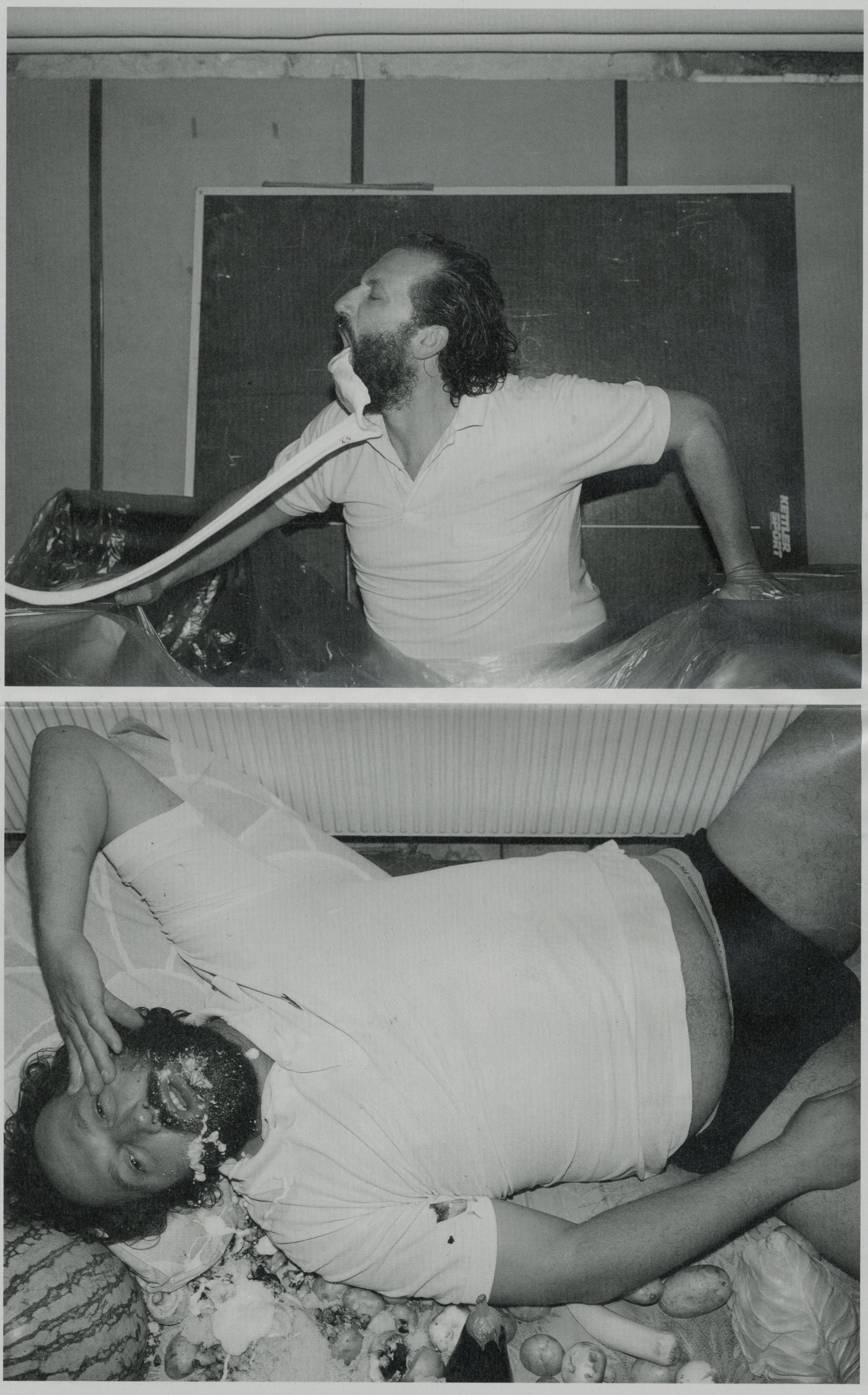


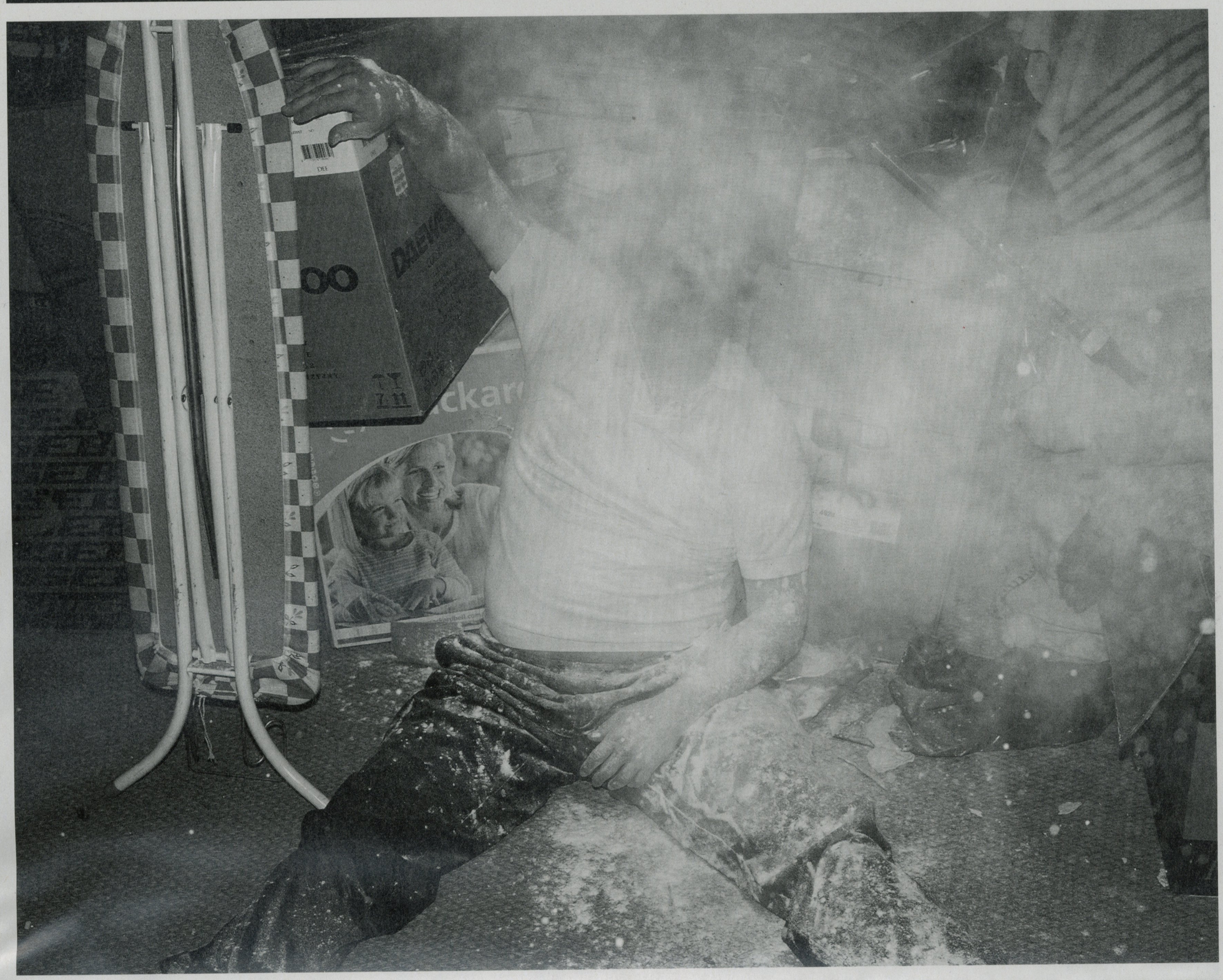


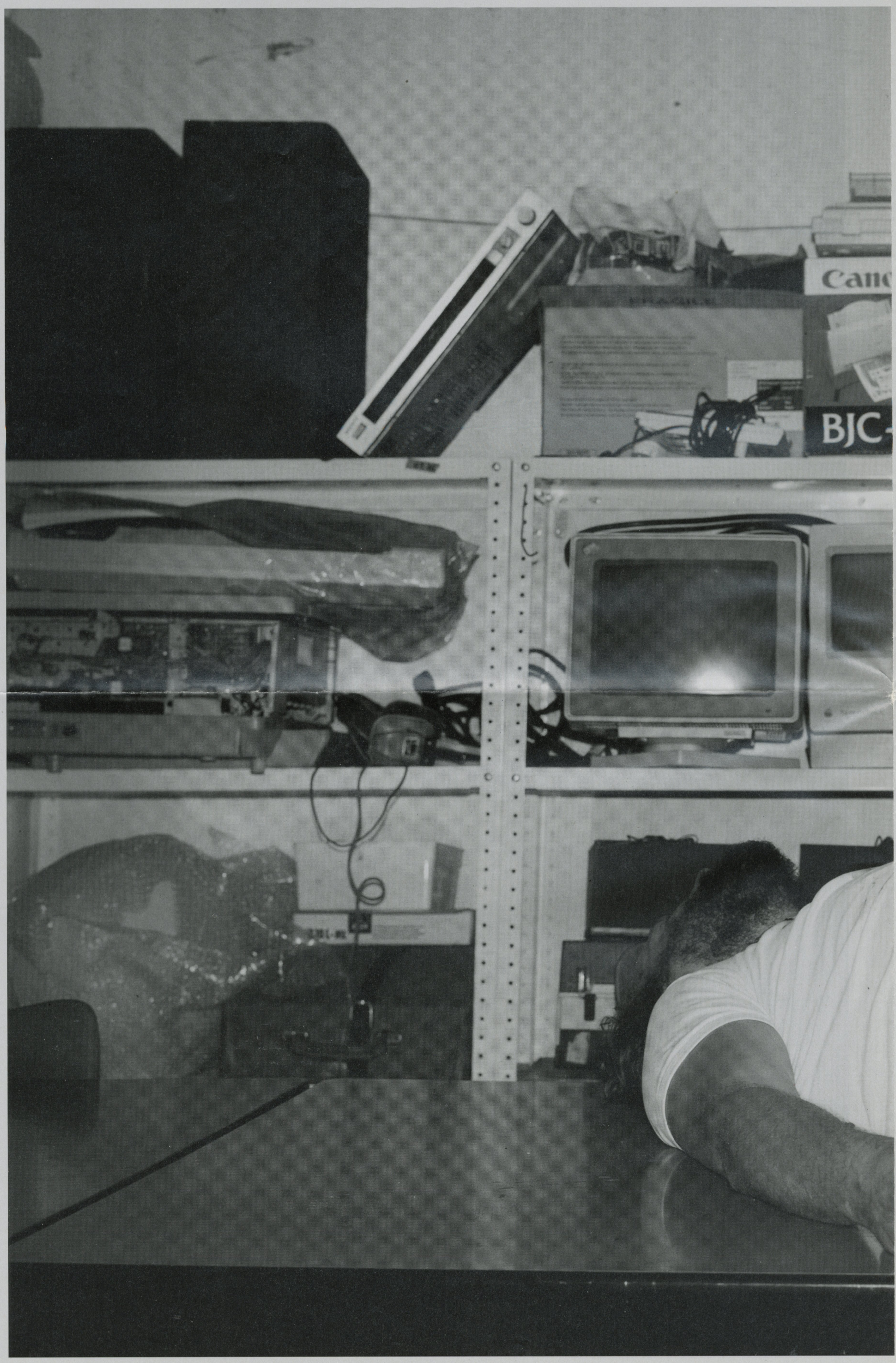
HEWLETT
PACKARD
15-inch Color Displa

FOOD COMA

Photography Viviane Sassen
Styling Emmeline de Mooij

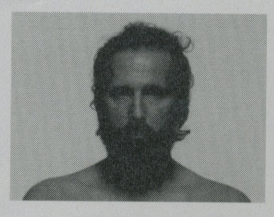

KETTLER
SPORT




Canc
BJC-

Contains –
*Canard * Poulet * Croquembouche * Omelette * Boeuf * Dorade * Harissa * Pommes de Terre*
*Tartare * Saumon * Kebab * Mousse au Chocolat * Pizza * Fromage * Beurre * Coca * Fondue * Tripes * Cervelle*
*Salade * Lapin * Foie Gras * Bouillon * Saucisson*

PUKING



... OR HOW TO UPSET MY BRAIN AND STOMACH BY EATING BRAIN AND STOMACH, AND TWENTY-FOUR OTHER FAVOURITE RECIPES ...

– Vomir –

1) Canard à l'agenaise
Take a whole duck, about 2 kg. Season the inside with salt and pepper. Stuff with a dozen pitted prunes soaked in Armagnac, and sew up. Brown the duck in a casserole with a lump of butter, pour over a glass of Armagnac, and set alight. Cook for about 40 minutes with the lid on. Meanwhile, grate the rind of an orange and simmer for 5 minutes in 300 ml red Bordeaux wine together with 4 cloves of garlic, a little freshly grated nutmeg, a few crushed peppercorns, fresh thyme and a bay leaf. In a saucepan, brown 125 g of very thin strips of smoked bacon, 2 diced carrots, 1 stalk diced celery and 3 chopped shallots, in a bit of butter. Add 1 tablespoon flour, stir, and add the strained orange-flavoured wine. Season with salt and pepper and cook for another 30 minutes over low heat. Add a small glass of Armagnac, garnish the duck with the prunes and cover with the sauce.

2) Croquembouche
The traditional *croquembouche* is made of little buns, filled with cream and dipped in sugar cooked to the crack stage. It is built around a conical mould, which is removed through the base when enough small pieces are securely fixed to each other by the solidified caramel. They can be decorated with spun caramel. The buns are made from 2 dl water, 100 g butter, 125 g flour, 1 teaspoon salt and 3 to 4 eggs. Heat water and butter in a pan until butter is melted. Add all the flour and salt, mix until the mass forms a ball that seperates from the sides of the pan. Remove from the fire and add eggs one by one. Put mixture in little heaps on a baking-sheet. Bake for 20 minutes in a warm oven at 190°C until light in weight and golden brown. Leave to cool on a rack. Fill with cream. Melt 250 g of caster sugar with a little water in a saucepan. Let it thicken until it is a golden-brown caramel. Dip the filled buns in the caramel and start building the *croquembouche* Wrap the *croquembouche* in spun caramel.

3) Omelette de truffes
Use free-range eggs from corn-fed hens. Melt butter in a pan and add the mixed eggs together with a little salt and pepper. Stir the mixture gently over a low heat. Cut fresh truffles into dice or fine strips and toss them in butter. Choose truffles from different regions, if possible, to get a rich taste. Include two or three truffles from the scree-covered slopes of Mont Ventoux that grow under the holm-oak for their strong perfume. The concentrated perfume can be so strong that it can even be unpleasant and painful at times. Add them to the eggs when the mixture starts to thicken and pile the mixture into a dish.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD I ONCE MISTOOK A COW PIE IN my aunt's barn for cooked spinach. It took me a long time to stop hating spinach. Once I was really ill for two days from a rancid *Canard à l'agenaise*[1] leftover, and it was years before I could shake the memory of it. But experiences like these shaped my sense of taste. If all you're trying to do with food is make it nice and tasty then you are selling yourself short. There's a fine line between full-flavored but appetizing and full-flavored but nauseating. It's exciting to seek out that boundary. Tasty is not enough; I want it all.*

*) *Poulet cru*

Once I ate a raw chicken breast. They were packed in pairs and I only needed one for the recipe. It tasted pretty okay, a bit like sashimi. Since then I've developed a love for raw food. You can experience completely new flavours and textures when you experiment with cooking times – the whole spectrum from raw to charred. A raw egg has an extraordinary slitheriness. You don't even have to swallow; it finds its own way to your throat. At first you taste nothing, but after that the animal-protein taste hangs at the back of your throat for a long time.

*) *Croquembouche*[2]

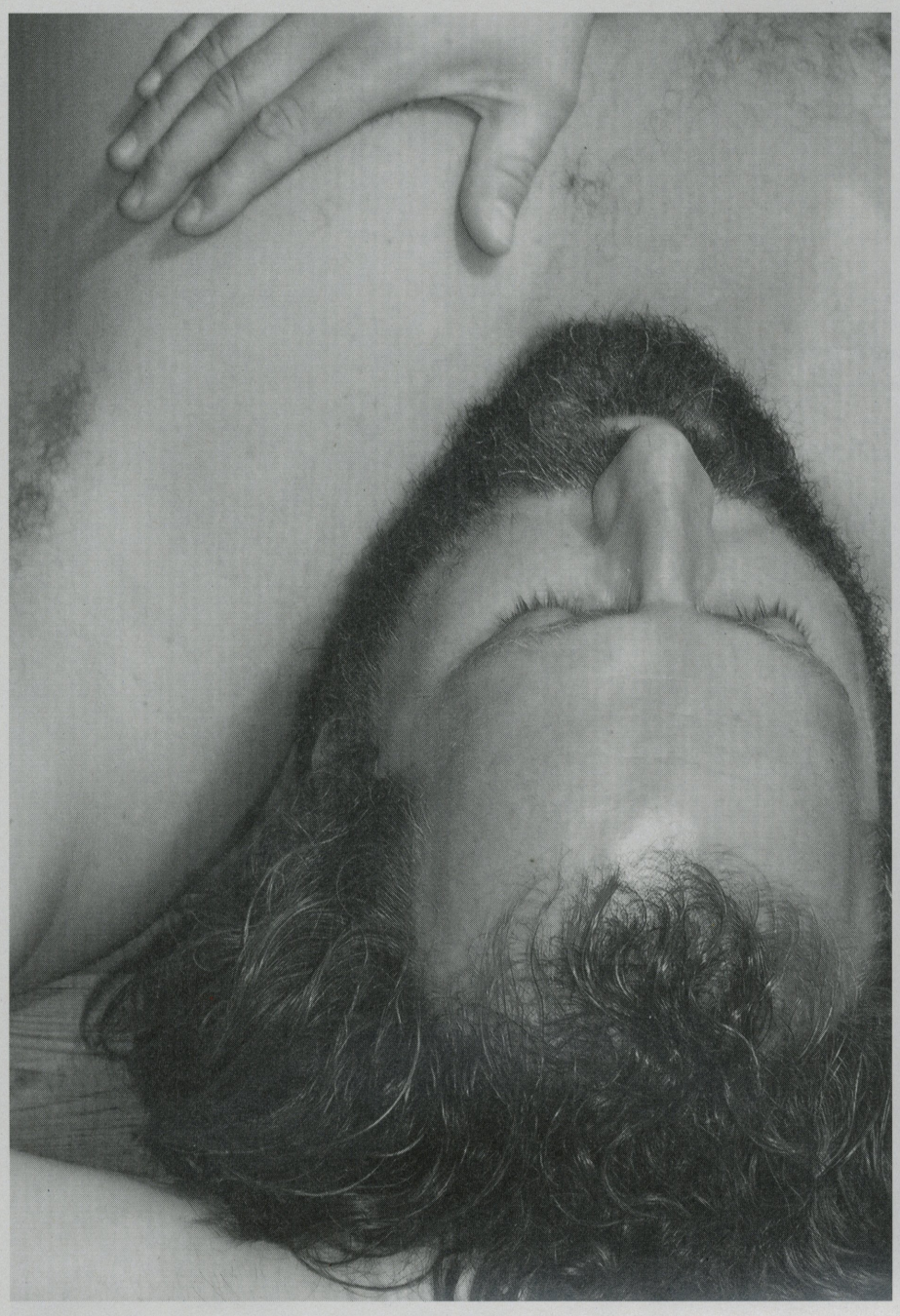
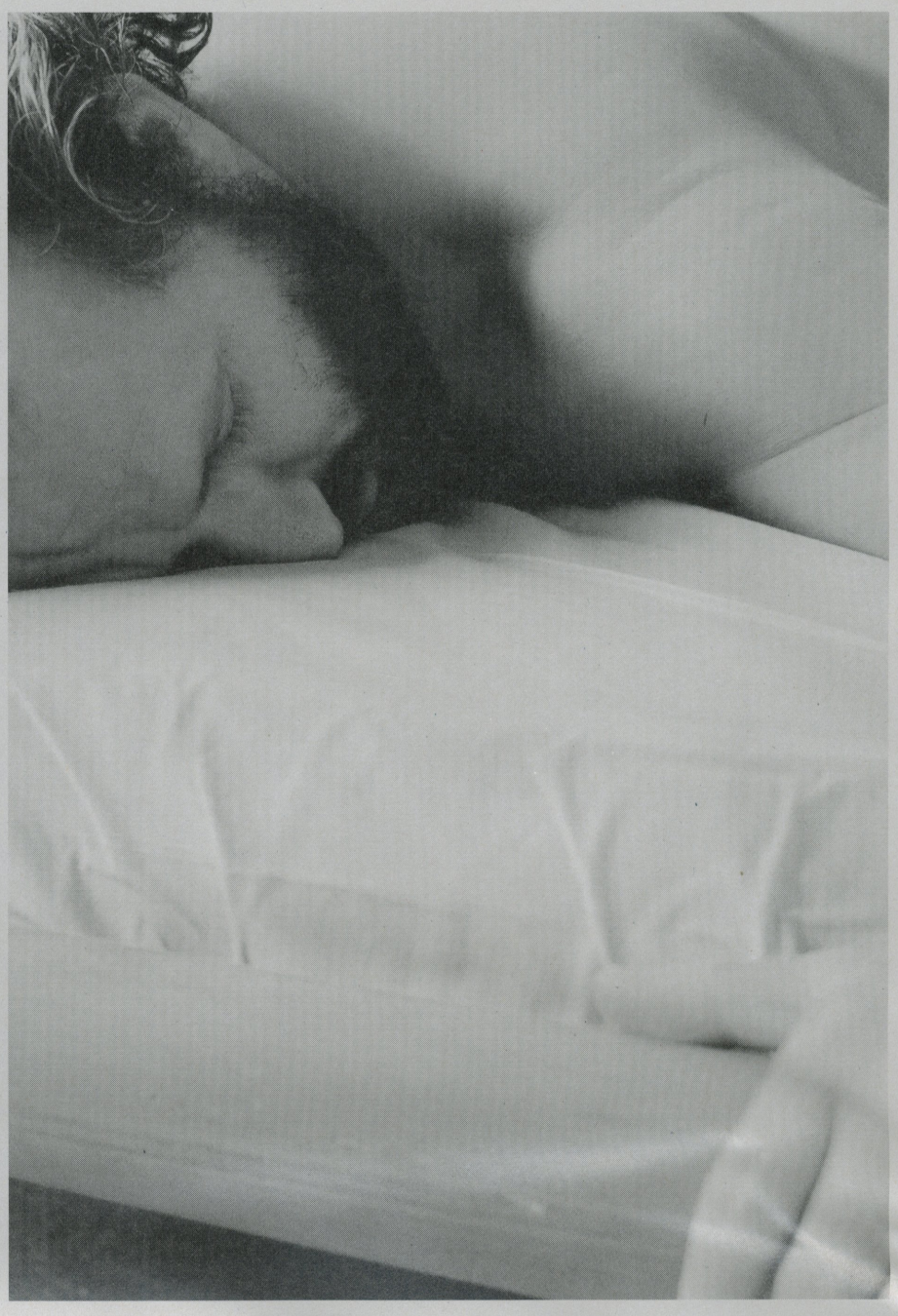
Caramel is just burnt sugar, and the level of burning determines the bitterness. Once I was busy making caramel for a *croquembouche* – a tower of profiteroles filled with cream with threads of angel-hair caramel spun around it – when the doorbell rang. It was someone collecting for the Heart Foundation with a brochure giving tips on how to lower your cholesterol. I ended up in a discussion until a cloud of black smoke came floating into the hall. The pan was completely black, and for two days the house smelled of burnt sugar, but I finished making the *croquembouche*. I dipped the profiteroles in the tarry mass, stacked them, and then wrapped black caramel threads around them. Then I dusted it with icing sugar. It looked fancy, but you could have easily chipped a tooth on the rock-hard caramel. The sweetness of the profiteroles and the cream clashed with the bitterness of the burnt sugar. It was as if cancer were spreading right there in my mouth.

*) *Omelette de truffes*[3]

Burnt food has a powerful taste, but this is also relative. *Charcharis* are Bengali vegetable dishes that are brought to the point of charring. I never tried it, but I once ate an entire burnt omelette. The top half was still good, but the bottom was completely black. The good part and the burnt part merged to become a third, more bitter flavour that had a sweet vanilla tinge. It was unpleasant, but I imagined that this was a delicacy and ate it anyway.

*) *Boeuf bourguignon*[4]

Eating directly from the pan is a completely different experience than eating from a plate at a neatly set dinner table. Eating with a dessertspoon is quite different to shoving the food into your mouth with a serving spoon that barely fits in your mouth. The spoon stretches the corners of your mouth and the food is only defined by the amount you can fit in. Not at the table, but standing at the counter. Not warm, but cold.

LE CORPS

– Photography Katja Rahlwes –